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Classic Stories
for the Little Ones

By MRS. LIDA BROWN MCMURRY

Author of "Classic Stories for Little Ones," "Robinson Crusoe for Boys and Girls," "Songs of the Treetop and Meadow," Etc., Etc.

PUBLIC-SCHOOL PUBLISHING COMPANY
Bloomington, Illinois
1911

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TO MY GRANDCHILDREN
HELEN, LAWRENCE, AND ELMER,
THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

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THE CHILD AND THE FAIRIES

The woods are full of fairies!
The trees are all alive:
The river overflows with them,
See how they dip and dive!
What funny little fellows!
What dainty little dears!
They dance and leap, and prance and peep,
And utter fairy cheers!

* * * * *

I'd like to tame a fairy,
To keep it on a shelf,
To see it wash its little face,
And dress its little self.
I'd teach it pretty manners,
It always should say "Please";
And then you know I'd make it sew,
And curtsey with its knees!

—*"A."*

HOME OF THE COUNTRY MOUSE

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

A country mouse was carrying some corn to his home one day when he met a town mouse.

"Always at work," said the town mouse. "I should think you would get tired of work."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said the country mouse. "This is a good year and I am laying by a large store of grain and other seeds. I expect to live well all winter."

"I always live well," said the town mouse. "I have the best in the land every day—cake, pie, cheese, and other good things. I do not have to lay by a store for winter. I always have plenty the year round."

"It is nearly noon and you must be tired. Come in and take dinner with me," said the country mouse. "I will give you the best meal

you ever ate. I want you to know how good country fare is."

"Thank you," said the town mouse. "I shall be glad to dine with you," and the two mice went together to the home of the country mouse.

While the town mouse rested, the country mouse set forth the best he had in the house. There were beans, peas, yellow corn, white corn, wheat, and barley. When all was ready the two mice sat down and both ate heartily, but the town mouse thought it a very poor dinner.

"Come and dine with me next Saturday," said the town mouse. "I want to show you what good fare is."

"Thank you," said the country mouse. "I shall be glad to dine with you."

So on Saturday the country mouse went to the home of the city mouse. He did not feel at ease, for there were so many people about and so many strange sounds. The town mouse took him to a cupboard where there was no end of good things to eat. The country mouse was enjoying some cake, which he had to own was better than anything he had ever eaten, when

a cat crept quietly into the pantry. As soon as the mice saw him, they ran, but the country mouse, not knowing at once which way to go, barely escaped the claws of the cat.

The two mice waited some time before they tried to finish their meal. They then crept to the dining-room, which the family had just left. The table was still full of good things. The mice looked about and saw no one, so they climbed up on the table.

"What excellent cheese this is," said the country mouse when about to take his second bite; but just then the door was pushed open and a little dog walked into the room. Both mice jumped down, and the city mouse ran into his hole, but the country mouse ran here and there, trying to find a place to hide. The dog chased him, barking savagely, and the whole family hurried into the room to see what it was all about. Poor country mouse, he was never so frightened in his life! Just as the dog was about to catch him, he at last found the open door and ran out. He never stopped to bid the town mouse "Goodby," but ran on and

on until he reached his home. There he panted out, "I hate the town. Give me plain food, some work, and a life free from fear. That is the life for me!"

THE CITY MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE

Once a mouse in London city
Asked a country mouse to dine;
Cheese and bacon served he fitly,
Pigeon-breast, and cakes, and wine.
In a corner still and cosy,
Host and guest together sat,
When through window curtain rosy,
Who should spring but Madam Cat.

What a scampering! What a flurry!
One flew this way, one flew that;
Leaving all in reckless hurry,
Off to safety ran each rat.
When again the friends were meeting,
Sober Country Cousin cried,
"Visit me, we've simple eating,
But we've peace worth all beside."

— Translated from the French of LaFontaine.

"IF YOU PLEASE" *

All dressed in gray, a little mouse
Has made his home within my house;
And every night and every morn
I say, "I wish that mouse were gone."

But why? A quiet soul is he
As any one need wish to see.
My house is large, my hearth is wide,
With room for him and me beside.

Ah, yes! But when the lights are out,
He likes to slyly peep about,
And help himself to what he sees,
Without once saying, "If you please."

* Stickney's Second Reader. By permission of Ginn & Co.

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once a mother pig said to her little ones:

"My little pigs, you are old enough to take care of yourselves, so I must send you out into the world."

"All right, mother," said the little pigs.

The first pig, as it went on its way, met a man with a bundle of straw and said to him:

"Please, sir, give me that straw, that I may build me a house."

The man gave him the straw and he built him a house.

Soon a wolf came along and knocked at his door, and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The pig replied:

"No; by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in."

So the wolf said:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in and ate up the little pig.

The second pig met a man with a bundle of sticks, and said to him:

"Please, sir, give me those sticks, that I may build me a house."

The man gave him the sticks and he built him a house.

Soon the wolf came along and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The pig replied:

"No; by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in."

So the wolf said:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, and he blew the house in and ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said to him:

"Please, sir, give me that load of bricks, that I may build me a house."

The man gave him the bricks and he built him a house.

Soon the wolf came along and said:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

The pig replied:

"No; by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin, I will not let you in."

So the wolf said:

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed and he huffed and he puffed, but he could not blow the house in. When he found that he could not get into the house by puffing and huffing, he said:

"Little pig, I know where there is a large patch of turnips."

"Where is it?" said the little pig.

"Oh, it is in Mr. White's field. If you will be ready tomorrow morning I will call for you and we will go together and get some turnips for dinner."

"All right," said the little pig. "I will be ready. What time do you wish to go?"

"Oh, at six o'clock."

The little pig did not wait for the wolf. He got up at five o'clock, went for the turnips, and was home again when the wolf came by.

The wolf rapped at his door and called:

"Little pig, are you ready?"

The little pig called back:

"Oh, I went an hour ago. I have my turnips. Thank you, Mr. Wolf."

The wolf was very angry, but he said to himself, "I will have that little pig yet." Then he said to the little pig:

"I know where some excellent apples grow."

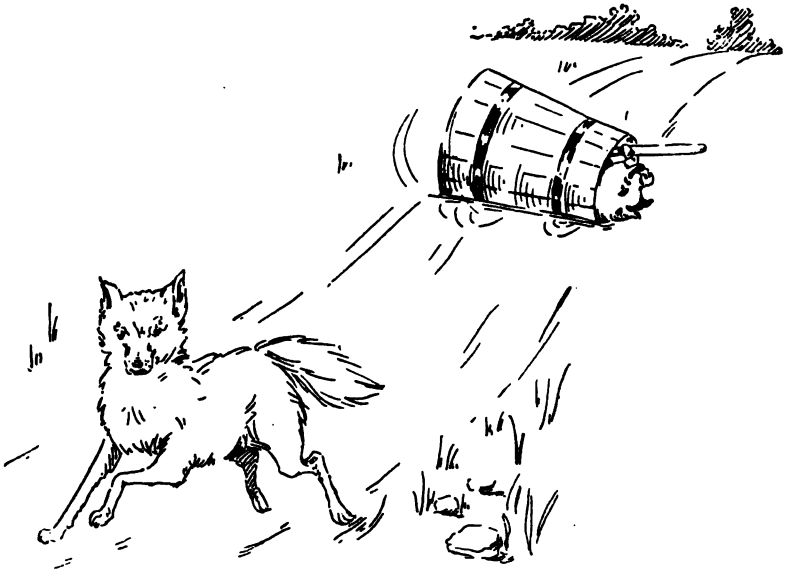
"Where?" asked the pig.

"Down in Mr. Black's garden," replied the wolf; "and if you will not deceive me, I will come for you at five o'clock and go with you after the apples."

The little pig got up at four o'clock the next morning and went to Mr. Black's garden, but the way was long and he had to climb the tree after he reached the garden. After he had picked all

the apples that he wished, he started to get down the tree, when what did he see but Mr. Wolf!

The wolf thought that he had the little pig now, so he ran up to the tree and said very



pleasantly: "What! are you here, little pig! Are the apples good?"

The little pig was terribly frightened, but he replied: "The apples are the best I ever ate. I will give you the biggest one on the tree," and he threw it as far as he could.

The wolf ran after the apple, and the little pig hurried down and ran home.

The next day the wolf went to the little pig's home and called out:

"There is a fair in town this afternoon, little pig. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the little pig. "At what time will you call?"

"At three o'clock," said the wolf.

The little pig started off to the fair at one o'clock, and bought a churn. On his return, just as he reached the top of the hill, he saw the wolf coming. "What shall I do?" he said, then he jumped into his churn. The churn fell over and rolled down the hill. The wolf saw it coming and was greatly frightened. So he ran home as fast as he could go, and the pig got safely home.

Soon after, the wolf went to the little pig's house and said:

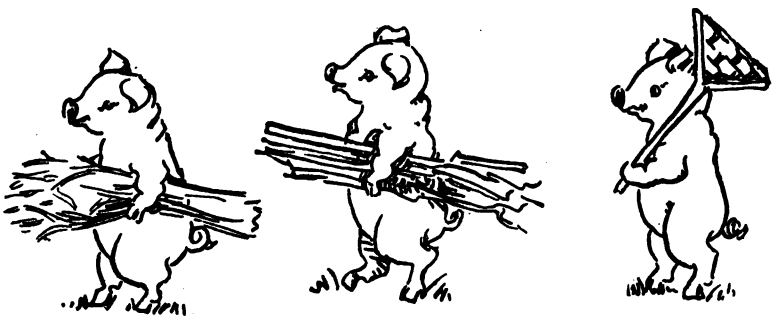
"Oh, little pig, I started to the fair, but something big and round came running down the hill right at me, and I went home as fast as I could go."

"Ho! Ho! I frightened you, Mr. Wolf. I was coming from the fair with a churn. When I saw you I jumped into the churn and rolled down hill."

"You hateful pig! I will eat you up. I am going down your chimney after you now," growled the wolf.

"I will be ready for him," said the little pig, and he looked into the kettle to see how hot the water was. It was just right.

When he heard the wolf coming down the chimney, he took the cover off the kettle. In tumbled the wolf, and that was the last of him.



THE SHOEMAKER'S HELPERS

A shoemaker was so poor that he had nothing left but leather for one pair of shoes. He said: "I will cut the shoes out tonight and make them in the morning. We have little money, wife, but we will do the best that we can, and we shall not starve."

In the morning, after prayers were said, and breakfast was eaten, the shoemaker went to his bench to make the one pair of shoes, but what was his surprise to find them finished! He examined them carefully. They were perfectly made, much better than he could have made them. Who could have done it?

Soon a man came in to buy a pair of shoes. He liked the shoes so well that he paid the shoemaker much more money than was asked for them. This made the poor shoemaker very happy. He gave part of the money to his wife for food,

and with the rest he bought leather for two pairs of shoes.

At night he cut the shoes out and the next morning was about to go to work at them when he found them beautifully made as before.

The two pairs of shoes were soon sold, and now the shoemaker had money enough to buy leather for four pairs. The following morning he found the four pairs made, and so it went on day after day. He bought more leather each succeeding day, and always found the shoes which he cut out at night were made by morning; and the shoemaker became famous for selling the best shoes that could be found in the country. The shoemaker and his wife were very happy, for they were now beyond want.

Not long before Christmas the shoemaker said to his wife: "Someone has been working for us for many months, and we are now comfortably well off. Let us watch tonight to find out who it is that has been so good to us, then perhaps we can do something for this kind friend.

His wife agreed that this plan was a good one. At night she lighted a candle and put it in the

shop, then they both hid in a closet, leaving the door partly open.

At midnight, whom do you think came into the shop!—two pretty little naked elves. They sat down at the shoemaker's bench and began work, stitching, and hammering so rapidly and so skillfully that the shoemaker could not take his eyes from them a moment. They did not stop until all the shoes were made and placed neatly on the table, then they ran quickly away.

The next morning the shoemaker's wife said: "The two little elves have made us rich, and we must show them that we are very thankful for their help. They must be cold, for they have no clothes. I think I will make a suit of clothes for each one, and will you make a pair of shoes for each?"

"Most gladly, wife," said the shoemaker.

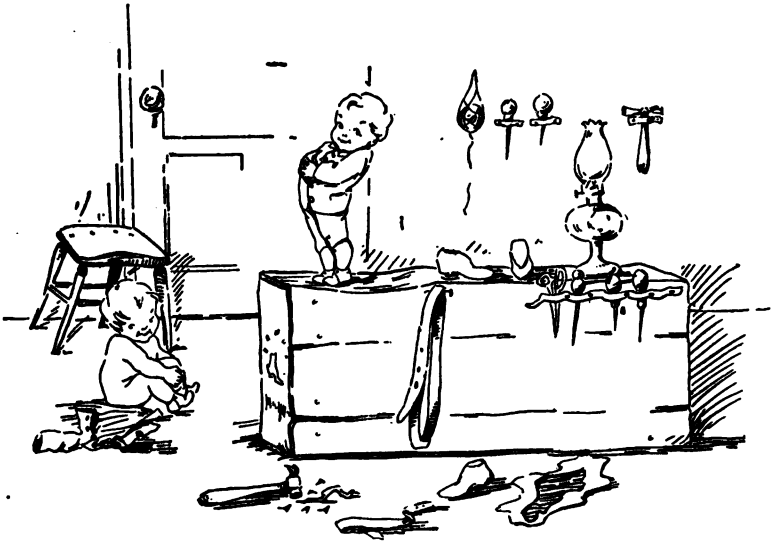
So the wife cut out and made little shirts, coats, vests, and trousers, and knit each elf a pair of long warm stockings; and the shoemaker made each one a beautiful pair of red shoes.

The night before Christmas, the shoemaker and his wife laid the little clothes and the shoes

on the bench, but they left no work cut out for the elves to do. After putting a light in the shop, they hid in the closet as before.

At midnight the elves came bounding into the shop. They looked about for their work, but found only the clothes and the shoes. "What are these?" they said. "They must be for us. What fun it will be to dress up," and they put on the little clothes with great delight, and as they dressed they sang,—

"Now we are boys so fine to see,
Why should we longer cobblers be?"



When they were in full dress they danced about the room, over the chairs and benches. At last they danced out of doors, and that was the last time the shoemaker ever saw the elves, for he needed their help no longer.

THE LITTLE ELF

I met a little Elf-man, once,
    Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small,
    And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
    He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
    "As you are big for you."

— *John Kendrick Bangs.*

(By permission of the Author.)

THE BROWNIE*

Did you e'er hear the tale of the Brownie
That lives in the vale of Mulgawney?
The wonder of country and town he.
The field of the widow he ploughed in a night,
The mill-wheels went round till the gray morning light,
"For good is the miller," said Brownie.

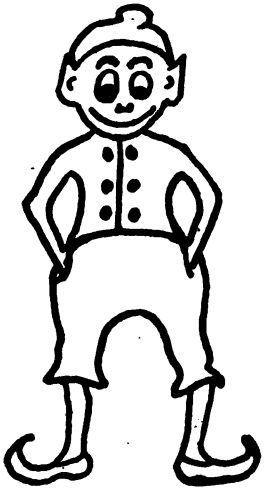
The poor and the sick and the lonely,
That dwelt in the vale of Mulgawney,
Had never a friend like the Brownie.
When Peter, the farmer, lay sick at death's door,
He heard blows that fell on the granary floor.—
Who threshed the night long but the Brownie?

And now the good folk of Mulgawney
Set forth dainty dishes for Brownie,
Or made him a bed soft and downy.

* Modern Music Series, Book II.

The farm-wife a cream bowl with honey prepared,
She found her flax spun, and the sheep duly sheared,
The floor scrubbed and sanded by Brownie.

No love for the lazy had Brownie,
And such as abode in Mulgawney
Were pinched black and blue by the Brownie.
He sent them bad dreams when they went to their rest,
He sat like a stone on each laboring chest.
"Oh! save us," they cried, "from the Brownie."



THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF

Once upon a time there were three Billy-goats living in a pasture. There was Big Billy-Goat Gruff, Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff, and Little Billy-Goat Gruff.

When they had eaten the grass short in the pasture, they wished to go to the green hill, across the bridge, where the grass was tall and tender.

It was not very safe to cross the bridge, for under it lived a great ugly Troll with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

The Billy-goats drew cuts to see which should go first. Big Billy-Goat Gruff drew the longest cut; Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff drew the next longest; Little Billy-Goat Gruff drew the shortest. So he had to go first.

He came to the bridge, and "Trip, trap! trip, trap!" went the bridge, very quietly.

But the Troll heard, and roared, "Who is that tripping over my bridge?"

"It is I, Little Billy-Goat Gruff. I am going over to the green hill to eat myself fat," said Little Billy-Goat Gruff.

"You shall not go over my bridge. I am going to gobble you up," roared the Troll.

"Oh, please do not eat me. I am too little. Wait until Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff comes along. He is much bigger than I," begged Little Billy-Goat Gruff.

"Be off with you, then," said the Troll; and Little Billy-Goat Gruff hurried over to the green hill.

A little while after, Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff came to the bridge and started to cross. "*Trip, trap! trip, trap! trip, trap!*" went the bridge.

The Troll heard, and roared, "Who is that walking over my bridge?"

"It is I, Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff. I am going over to the green hill to eat myself fat," said Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff.

"You shall not go over my bridge. I am going to gobble you up," roared the Troll.

"Oh, you had better not take me. Wait until

Big Billy-Goat Gruff comes along. He is much bigger than I," said Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff.

"Be off with you, then," said the Troll; and Middle-sized Billy-Goat Gruff hurried over to the green hill.

Then Big Billy-Goat Gruff came to the bridge and started to cross. "TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"Who is that tramping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"IT IS I, BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the goat. "I am going over to the green hill to eat myself fat."

"You shall not go over my bridge. I am coming right now to gobble you up," roared the Troll.

"Come on," said Big Billy-Goat Gruff. "I will spear you with my horns and I will hammer you with my head. Come on, you coward!" He speared out his eyes, and broke all of his bones, and tossed him into the river. Then he went over to the green hill to eat himself fat.

And the three Billy-Goats Gruff ate and ate

until they were so fat they could hardly walk home; and if they have not lost their fat they are fat still.

MR. VINEGAR

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar lived in a green glass bottle. Mrs. Vinegar was a very tidy body, and often cleaned her house. One day, as she was scrubbing her floor, she brought the whole house down upon her head. Although she was not hurt, she was terribly frightened. She ran down the road, crying, and, meeting her husband, she threw her arms about his neck and sobbed, "O, Mr. Vinegar, we are ruined, we are ruined. I have broken our beautiful house."

Mr. Vinegar said, "Never mind, my dear; we will see what we can do about it," and he led her back to the house. When he saw the ruins, he whistled with surprise, for the house could not be mended; but on seeing the door, he said: "This door is as good as new. I will strap it on my back and we will go out into the world to find a new green bottle house."

So they traveled until night-fall, when they came to a big forest. "We had better stop here for the night," said Mr. Vinegar, and Mrs. Vinegar agreed. They found a tree with wide-spreading, close-growing boughs. Mr. Vinegar went up first and fastened the door to some branches for a bed; then Mrs. Vinegar climbed up.

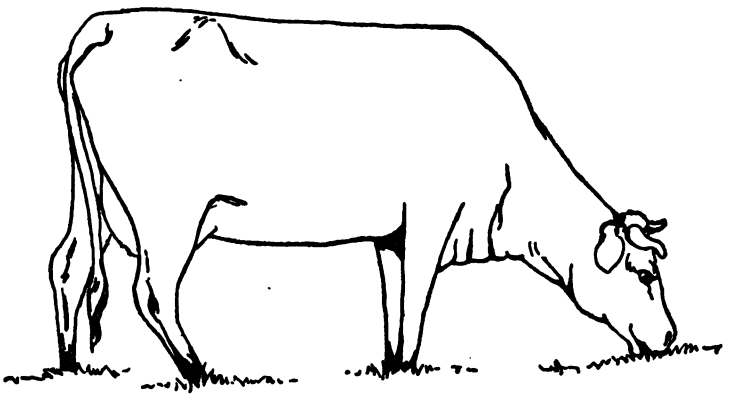
They slept soundly until midnight, when they were wakened by loud, angry voices. They listened, and learned that a band of robbers were at the foot of the tree. They were quarreling over the money which they had stolen, no one seeming satisfied with the part which he received.

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar trembled so with fright that they shook the door down, and barely escaped falling themselves.

The robbers, thinking that some terrible monster had swooped down upon them, fled, screaming, and did not dare return.

When Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar came down from the tree in the morning, they lifted the door, and what do you suppose they saw? Many shining pieces of gold! They were so happy that they jumped about and clapped their hands. Then

Mrs. Vinegar said: "Now we can have a cow. Mr. Vinegar, do go at once to the fair which is in town, and buy us a good cow."



So Mr. Vinegar went to the fair. He found a beautiful red cow which gave a great deal of rich milk, and paid his gold for her. Then he walked it backward and forward, so everyone could see what a good cow he had.

Soon a man came along playing on a bagpipe. He was followed by a crowd of people who were giving him money from time to time. Mr. Vinegar stopped him and said: "You seem to be taking in a great deal of money. I know of nothing I would so much like to have as a bagpipe."

"If you care more for my bagpipe than you do for your cow I will trade with you," said the man.

"Gladly," said Mr. Vinegar, and he took the bagpipe in exchange for his cow.

Mr. Vinegar walked backward and forward with his bagpipe, but when he tried to make music he made only a squeak now and then, though his face grew red with blowing. Boys jeered him.

Poor Mr. Vinegar! he could make no money, and his hands were aching with the cold. He met a man wearing a pair of new warm gloves. He stopped the man and said: "I should like to look at those gloves. I wish for nothing so much as a good pair of gloves."

"If you would rather have these gloves than your bagpipe, I will trade with you," said the stranger.

"Gladly," said Mr. Vinegar, and he handed the man the bagpipe and received the gloves, which he at once put on.

As he trudged on he became very tired, and when he saw a man coming toward him with a good stout stick in his hand, Mr. Vinegar longed for that stick. So when the man came up he said to him: "You have a very good stick. I would rather have a stick like that to lean upon when I walk than anything else I can think of."

The stranger looked at Mr. Vinegar's gloves and said, "If you care more for this stick than you do for your gloves, I will trade with you."

Mr. Vinegar's hands were warm but his legs were tired, so he said, "I will gladly trade," and he handed the man his gloves and took the stick.

As he drew near the wood where he had spent the night, a parrot called out from a tree: "Mr. Vinegar, Mr. Vinegar, he gave his gold for a cow; he gave his cow for a bagpipe; he gave

his bagpipe for a pair of gloves; he gave his pair of gloves for a stick, just a common stick. Silly man! Silly man!" and the parrot laughed loud and long. Mr. Vinegar was so angry that he threw his stick up into the tree, where it lodged, and so he returned empty-handed to his wife.

He found her in a new green bottle, so happy to have a house to scrub that she never thought to ask for the cow, and so everything went on as before.

SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED

Two little girls lived with their mother in a cottage near the woods. There names were Snow-white and Rose-red, because they were like the roses growing on two bushes in front of their home. One of the bushes bore white roses and the other bore red roses.

Snow-white and Rose-red were happy, busy, and good, and they loved each other dearly. Rose-red liked to run in the fields and pick flowers, but Snow-white liked to stay at home much of the time with her mother, helping about the work, or reading aloud when the work was done.

The two sisters often went to the forest alone to gather berries. They had no fear of the wild animals, and sometimes they took cabbage leaves to the rabbits, a handful of salt to the deer, and crumbs to the birds. If night found them in the woods, they would lie down upon the moss and

sleep peacefully all night, with never a fear. The mother had no anxiety about them, for she felt that they were as safe in the forest as at home.

One morning when they awoke from their sleep in the woods they found a beautiful child in a shining white dress sitting by them. She smiled at them, then quietly went away. When they looked about they found that they had been sleeping close to the edge of a cliff, and if they had gone much farther they must have fallen over the cliff. They knew that this beautiful child was an angel sent to watch over them and to keep them from harm.

When the cold weather came, Snow-white and Rose-red sat with their mother about the big fireplace, and while their mother read to them from a large book the little girls listened and sewed. A lamb lay close beside them on the floor, and behind them a white dove sat upon its perch with its head under its wing.

One evening, after they had bolted the door and were sitting by the fire, talking, someone knocked. The mother said, "Open the door quickly, Rose-red; some poor wanderer wishes

to warm himself by our good fire." Rose-red went to the door and pushed back the bolt, expecting to find some poor man there; but what do you think she saw? A great black bear. When he pushed his big head inside the door, Rose-red screamed and sprang back, and Snow-white hid behind her mother's chair; the lamb bleated in fright, and the dove flew from its perch; but the bear said, "Do not be afraid; I will not hurt you. I am very cold, and wish only to warm myself by your fire."

The mother arose and said: "Poor bear, you are welcome. Lie down by our fire and make yourself comfortable. Rose-red, Snow-white, the bear will not harm you." So the two girls came from their hiding-places.

"Here, children, brush the snow out of my coat before it melts," said the bear, and the girls brought brooms and swept all the snow from his coat, laughing as they did so. Then the bear stretched himself out on the floor, with a comfortable growl. Soon the girls came close to the bear, patting his shaggy coat, giving his ears gentle pulls, and pushing him about. The bear

did not mind this much, only growling when they were a little too rough.

When it was bedtime the mother said: "Now, children, we must go to bed, but we will not turn the bear out into the cold; he may lie here by the fire all night."

After this the bear came to the little home at nightfall every evening so long as the winter lasted.

When spring came, and all the world was fresh and green, the bear said to Snow-white, "I must go away now, and shall be gone all summer."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" said Snow-white. "We shall miss you very much."

"I must go into the forest to guard my treasures from the wicked dwarfs. In the winter they have to stay below the ground, for the earth is frozen hard; but when the warm days come they work their way up, and come out to steal whatever they can find, and what they once get and put into their caves stays there."

Snow-white sadly unbolted the door for the bear, and as he passed through, his coat caught

on the bolt, lifting a portion of the hair. Snow-white thought that she caught sight of gold underneath the coat, but she could not be sure. The bear ran quickly away, and the girls soon lost sight of him in the woods.

Some time after this the mother sent Rose-red and Snow-white into the woods to get some fire-wood. As they went along they saw something very queer jumping up and down by a log. They ran to see what it could be. Great was their surprise to find a dwarf with a wrinkled old face and a long white beard. The end of his beard was caught in a crevice in the log, and he was jumping about and screaming with anger. When the girls came up, he glared at them with his fiery red eyes, and said: "Why are you standing there looking at me? Why do you not get to work to set me free?"

"What is the matter?" asked Rose-red.

"Can't you see what is the matter? I was trying to cut some wood to make a fire for breakfast. I had driven in a wedge and all was going well, when suddenly the wedge flew out and the log closed so quickly that I could not get my beard out. You are laughing, you sillies! Why don't you help me out?"

The girls tried very hard to pull the dwarf's beard from the crevice, but they could not do it. "I will run and fetch someone," said Rose-red. "You will, will you?" said the dwarf, stamping his foot with rage. "Think of something better than that, you silly geese."

"I have my scissors," said Snow-white, and she quickly cut off the end of the dwarf's beard and set him free.

As soon as the dwarf could get away he picked up a bag of gold at the foot of a tree and started off, grumbling to himself, "She cut off a piece of my fine beard, awkward creature. Bad luck to her."

Not long after this, Snow-white and Rose-red went to the brook to catch some fish. As they

came near to the brook they saw something jumping toward the water. It looked like a big grasshopper. They ran to it and found it was the dwarf. "Where are you going, little man?" called Rose-red. "Are you trying to drown yourself?"

"I am not so big a fool as that," cried the dwarf, savagely. "This miserable fish is trying to pull me into the water. I was fishing here when the rude wind twisted my long beard about the fishing-line. A big fish bit before I could loosen my beard, and I cannot pull the fish out. It is trying to pull me into the water. Oh!" he screamed, catching hold of some tall reeds; "hurry up, and help me, you simpletons."

Snow-white ran forward and caught the dwarf, and Rose-red tried to unfasten his beard from the line, but it was in too much of a tangle, so she took Snow-white's scissors and cut off a little of the beard, setting the dwarf free again.

When the dwarf saw what Rose-red had done, he threw himself on the ground, screaming, kicking, and shouting out: "You toadstool, you have spoiled my beautiful beard and my good looks. Once you clipped off the end of my beard, and now you have taken nearly all that was left. I am ashamed to let my family see me. Bad luck to you again," and he jumped up, picked up a bag of pearls, and ran off without a word of thanks to the girls who had saved his life.

Soon after this the mother sent Snow-white and Rose-red to town to buy some needles and thread. Their road lay across a field which was covered with stones, some large, some small. The girls noticed an eagle flying round and round, and coming nearer and nearer to the earth. At last it settled on a big rock, and at that moment they heard a loud cry for help. They ran to the

rock and found that the eagle had seized the dwarf and was about to fly away with him. The girls caught hold of him and pulled so hard that at last the eagle let him go, and flew away. As soon as the dwarf recovered a little from his fright he cried: "See what you have done. My beautiful coat is full of holes. Why were you not more careful?" Then he picked up a bag of precious stones and slipped down under a big rock, and the girls went on to town.

As they were crossing the stony field on their way home they came, unexpectedly, upon the dwarf, who had emptied his bag of precious stones upon some smooth ground and was counting them. The sun shone upon the beautiful gems, and the girls stopped to look at them. When the dwarf saw them he jumped up and screamed, "Why are you standing there, you ugly creatures? You are always troubling me. I have a great mind to kill you!"

Just at that moment a loud growl came from the woods near by, and a black bear trotted toward the dwarf. The dwarf trembled with

fright, and cried, "Oh, Mr. Bear, spare me, spare me; I will give you all of my beautiful gems. See how rare they are. Why should you kill such a lean fellow as I am? Take those two bad girls. They are as fat as quails. Eat them; do not eat me." But the bear paid no attention to his pleading. He gave the wicked dwarf one blow with his paw, and he never moved again.

The girls had run on toward home, but the bear called, "Snow-white, Rose-red, do not run away. Wait for me. I will go home with you."

The girls recognized their friend, the black bear, who had spent the winter with them, and went back to meet him. Suddenly the bear-skin fell to the ground, and there stood before them a handsome prince clothed in gold. He said, "I am a king's son. That wicked dwarf bewitched me and stole many of my treasures. It was my fate to run about in the woods as a savage bear until the dwarf should be killed. Now I am free."

Snow-white was married, not long after this, to the king's son, whom she loved; and Rose-red was married to his brother. The dwarf's treasure

was divided between them. They lived together, most happily, in the palace, and the dear mother lived with them. She carried the two rose trees with her and planted them before her windows, where every year they bear red roses and white.

THE WONDERFUL POT

A man who had been defrauded of all of his money by a neighbor, became very poor. He sold everything that he could part with but his cow, and now the time had come when that, too, must be sold.

One morning, very early, before the children were up, the man started to market with the cow. As he walked on he met a stranger, who asked him if he wished to sell his cow, and how much he would take for her.

"I think," answered the man, "that I cannot sell her for less than thirty dollars."

"I can give you no money for your cow," said the stranger, but I have something here which is worth thirty dollars, yes, much more than that," and he held out a three-legged pot.

"Do you think me a fool?" said the poor man. "Of what use to me would a pot be when I have

nothing to cook in it. My family cannot live on an iron pot. No; I must have money for my cow, nothing but money."

Just then something said, "Take me; take me."

"What spoke?" said the poor man, surprised. "Was it the pot?"

"It was nothing more nor less than the pot," said the stranger.

"If that pot can talk, it surely can do other wonderful things," said the poor man. "I will give you my cow for the pot."

The poor man took the pot and went home, but he did not reach home by the road; he went through his field and up to the barn, where he tied the pot in the stall where the cow had been kept. Then he went into the house.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked. "I am hungry after my long walk."

"Did you sell the cow?" asked his wife. "Did you get a good price for her?"

"Yes, I received a very good price for her," said the poor man.

"That is well," said his wife; "the money will keep us from starving for many a day."

"I received no money for her," said he.

"What, then, did you receive?" said his wife, in surprise.

"Go and look in the cow's stall. You will find what I received," said the poor man.

The woman hurried to the stable. What was her astonishment to see nothing there but an old black pot! She angrily untied it and took it into the house.

"Did you sell our good cow for this old pot?" she cried. "What do you mean! We shall starve. I wish I had taken the cow to market myself. You foolish, foolish man!"

"Clean me, and put me over the fire," suddenly called the pot.

The woman opened her eyes in surprise. She hurriedly cleaned the pot and put it over the fire.

"I skip, I skip," cried the pot.

"Where do you skip?" asked the woman.

"To the rich man's house," called the pot, running across the floor, then down the walk and into the road. It turned here and ran up the hill to the rich man's house.

The rich man's wife was making a pudding

in the kitchen. The pot stepped into the kitchen so quietly that she did not notice it, then it jumped up on the table.

"Why, this is very strange," she said. "I was just wondering where I could find a baking-dish large enough for my pudding, and here I find this pot, which is just what I need," so she heaped a great many good things into it—flour, sugar, butter, eggs, and raisins. Then she stirred it, and it was ready to put into the oven. When the rich man's wife turned to open the oven door, the pot jumped from the table, and "tap, tap, tap," it went across the floor, and out of the door.

"Where are you going with my pudding?" called the woman.

"To the poor man's house," called the pot. "Catch me, if you can," and it ran rapidly down the road.

When the poor people saw the pot coming back and found what it had brought them, they were very happy. The pudding was baked, and the family ate it with great relish. When they were through their meal, the poor man said to

his wife, "What do you think now about the price of the cow?"

"I am not ready to say," she replied. "It certainly has given us one good meal."

The next morning the pot said again:

"I skip, I skip."

"Where do you skip?" they asked.

"To the rich man's barn," shouted the pot, running up the hill.

When it arrived at the barn it stopped on the threshold. The men, who were threshing wheat, cried, "Look at that black pot! Let us see how much it will hold," and they poured one bushel after another into it, until the wheat was gone. Then the pot moved off.

"Stop! stop!" called the men. "Where are you going with our wheat?"

"I am going to the poor man's house," said the pot. "Catch me, if you can," and it ran down the hill much faster than any man could run.

The poor people were delighted with the wheat which the pot had brought them. They poured it out and found that there were twelve bushels.

"Ah, this will keep us in bread for many a day," they said, joyfully.

On the third morning the pot said again:

"I skip, I skip."

"Where do you skip?" they asked.

"I skip to the rich man's house," replied the pot.

It was a beautiful morning, and the sun shone so brightly that the rich man thought it a good day in which to air his gold. He had it all spread out on the table in front of the window and was counting it. The bags which had held the gold were badly worn, and when the rich man discovered a three-legged pot on the table, he said: "Why, here is a black pot. It is just the thing for my money," and he put into it one handful after another, until it held all the gold. At that moment the pot jumped from the table to the window-sill and from the window-sill to the ground. The rich man screamed, "Stop! Where are you going with my money?"

"I am taking it back to the poor man from whom you took it. Catch me, if you can." And the pot skipped down the road right merrily.

It did not stop until it reached the middle of the floor of the poor man's house.

"Oh, see," they cried; "all the money which was taken from us is returned by this good pot. We shall never be in want again."

"What do you think about the price I received for the cow, wife?" said the husband.

"You surely received more than she was worth," said his wife.

The next morning the pot said again:

"I skip, I skip."

"Where do you skip?" they asked.

"To the rich man's house," said the pot.

So it ran up the road, never stopping until it had reached the door of the rich man's house. When the rich man saw it, he said: "There is the pot that carried away our money, our wheat, and our pudding. I will make it give back all that it has taken from us," and he flung himself upon the pot, saying angrily, "Now I have you." But when he tried to get up, he found that he could not get away. He shouted and pulled, but it did no good.

"I skip, I skip," said the pot.

"Skip to the North Pole if you wish," yelled the prisoner, and the three legs moved on. The man they carried grew smaller and smaller and smaller and smaller, then he fell into the pot and was carried rapidly away. In vain he struggled to get out. The last that anyone saw of the pot it was on its way to the North Pole. Perhaps it is still going.

THE BOY WHO WENT TO THE NORTH WIND

One day a mother sent her son to the store-room for some flour to make bread for breakfast. They were very poor, and there was little flour in the barrel. The boy took a tin and started from the store-room with the flour, but the North Wind rudely swept it all from the tin. So the boy went back and got more flour, but as he came out of the door North Wind swept all of it off the tin as before. There was hardly any flour left in the barrel, but the boy, with his head near the bottom of the bar-

rel and his feet in the air, scraped up every particle, and again started out of the door, shielding the flour as well as he could from North Wind; but it was of no use, North Wind blew over his shoulder and swept all the flour off the tin.

This made the boy very sad, for he feared that his poor old mother would have to go hungry, so he decided to go to North Wind's home and ask him to return the flour which he had taken away.

His mother did not wish him to take so long a journey, but he told her that he would get the flour and hurry home with it.

He traveled on and on. It seemed as if he should never reach North Wind's home, but at last it came into sight. He hurried on and rapped at the door.

North Wind came to the door and said, "Who are you and what do you wish?" His breath was cold and his voice was thick, but the boy was not frightened. He replied:

"Mr. North Wind, I am the boy whose flour you swept away this morning. My mother and

I are very poor, and we can get no more flour. I have come to ask you to return the flour which you took from us."

"I have no flour," replied the North Wind.

"Then what shall we do for bread? We have only a few crusts left."

"Since you are so poor," said North Wind, "I will give you a table-cloth that will bring good meals to you and your mother, three times a day."

"Oh, that will be better than flour," cried the boy, delighted.

North Wind handed him the table-cloth, and said: "Now, when you are hungry, say to the table-cloth, 'Cloth, spread yourself and bring a good meal,' and you will always have all you wish to eat of the very best food."

"Thank you! thank you! Mr. North Wind, and good-day to you," said the boy as he started joyfully for home.

It was now late in the afternoon, and it became dark long before the boy had gotten half way on his journey, so that he had to stop at an inn by the roadside.

When supper was served, the boy asked the inn-keeper to let him sit down at a little table in the corner of the dining-room. The table was bare, but the boy placed his cloth upon it, and when he said, "Cloth, spread yourself and bring a good meal," the cloth unrolled and there appeared before the boy a most excellent supper. When he had eaten all that he wished, he said, "Cloth, roll up," and the dishes disappeared and the cloth rolled up. All the people in the dining-room made remarks about the wonderful cloth and the fine supper it brought the boy, at his bidding; and the inn-keeper determined to have the cloth, but he said nothing to anyone about it.

When the boy was sound asleep that night, in his room at the inn, the inn-keeper took a table-cloth which looked exactly like the one which the boy had, and, taking the boy's wonderful cloth, put his own in its place.

In the morning as soon as it was light the boy took the table-cloth which was by his bed and started for home. He was happy thinking what a good breakfast he would give his mother.

As soon as he arrived at home he said, "Oh,

mother, you are always to have good things to eat and no cooking to do. North Wind had no flour for us, but he gave me this cloth, which will always give us food when we are hungry. Look here, mother," and he hurriedly pulled out the table, tossed the cloth upon it, and said, "Cloth, spread yourself and bring a good meal." But the cloth did not move. He repeated his command, but still it did not move. Then the poor boy said, "Oh, mother, what can be the matter with this cloth? It brought me a good supper last night. Something is wrong. I must hurry back to the North Wind."

"Stay, my boy, and rest," said his mother; but he could not be persuaded to stop a moment.

When the North Wind found the boy again at his door, he said gruffly, "You here again? What is the matter?"

The boy replied: "Mr. North Wind, that cloth of yours gave me but one meal. You said that it would always supply food for my mother and me. Now I have come to ask you to pay me for the flour, then we can buy more."

"I have no money," said the North Wind as

gently as he could speak; "but here is an old cane. If you say to it, 'Cane, strike,' it will keep on striking until you say, 'Cane, stop.' You might try it tonight on the inn-keeper. The boy did not see how the cane could furnish flour for bread, but since this was all that North Wind could do for him, he took the cane and thanked North Wind for it. Then he started for home. On his way he pondered on what the North Wind had said about trying the cane on the inn-keeper, and wondered if it could be possible that the inn-keeper had taken his good table-cloth.

Night came on, so that the boy had to stop at the inn again. He said to the inn-keeper, "May I stay here tonight? I have no money for supper, or even for a bed, but I will sleep on this bench here in the hall, if I may." The inn-keeper was willing, and the boy lay down and soon began to snore.

When the inn-keeper was satisfied that the boy was asleep, he took a cane which looked exactly like the one the boy had, and was about to exchange it for the boy's cane when the boy jumped up and said, "Cane, strike!" The cane

at once began to play upon the inn-keeper's back with such marked effect that he jumped over chairs and tables, crying, "Oh, oh, oh, oh! Stop! Do stop! It will kill me. Make it stop, boy, and you shall have your table-cloth." So the boy said, "Cane, stop!" and the inn-keeper handed him his table-cloth. He took it and started at once for home, walking all night and arriving at home early in the morning.

His mother was rejoiced to see him. He pulled out the table, seated his mother by it, then sat down himself; and, pulling the cloth from his pocket, he tossed it upon the table, and said, "Cloth, spread yourself and bring a good meal." The cloth obeyed this time, and such a good breakfast the mother and son had never eaten before.

Then the boy said: "Now, mother, we shall always have all we wish to eat, and this cane will protect us from thieves who might wish to steal our good cloth. North Wind has proven himself to be our best friend, though he did take our flour."

THE NORTH WIND

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn, and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh! do you not know that he's gone long ago
To a country much warmer than ours?—poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow;
And what will the Honey Bee do, poor thing?
In his hive he will stay till the cold's gone away,
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;
And what will the Dormouse do then, poor
thing?
Rolled up like a ball, in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back,
poor thing!

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have
snow;
And what will the children do then, poor
things?
When lessons are done, they'll jump, skip, and
run,
And play till they make themselves warm,
poor things!

— *Old English Rhyme.*

THE WIND

Which way does the wind blow,
And where does he go?
He rides o'er the water
And over the snow;
O'er wood and o'er valley,
And over the height—
Where goats cannot traverse,
He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses,
And bare is the tree,
As when you look upward
You plainly can see;
But from whence he comes,
Or whither he goes,
There is no one can tell you,
There is no one who knows.

— *Mary Lamb.*

LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

A long time ago there lived a king and queen who often said, "Oh, how happy we should be if we had a little child!" But they had none.

Once when the queen was walking by the river a frog came up out of the water and said to her, "Your wish shall be granted. You shall have a little daughter." And the frog's prophecy came true, for a sweet little girl came to the home of the king and queen.

The king was so happy that he ordered a great feast made in honor of his beautiful little daughter. He invited all his relatives and friends and acquaintances. He also invited the Wise Women, so that they might be kind to his little child. But there were thirteen of the Wise Women and only twelve golden plates for them to eat from, therefore one of them had to be left out.

The feast was splendid, and when it was through, the Wise Women each bestowed a gift on the baby girl,—one gave her good health, another beauty, another riches; others gave love, friends, kindness, self-control, thought for others, happiness, wit, wisdom. The twelfth of the Wise Women was about to bestow her gift, when suddenly the thirteenth came into the hall. She was very angry because she had not been invited to the feast, and, without speaking or even looking at anyone, she cried with a loud voice, "The king's daughter shall prick herself with a spindle on her fifteenth birthday, and shall fall down dead." And without more words she turned and left the room.

Everyone was surprised and grieved, but the twelfth Wise Woman, who had not yet bestowed her gift, went forward and said: "I cannot undo this wicked sentence, I can only soften it. The child shall not die, but she shall fall into a deep sleep which shall last a hundred years."

The king, hoping to shield his child from the sentence of the evil Wise Woman, ordered all the spindles in his whole kingdom to be burnt.

The child grew up to be a charming young woman, loved by everybody.

On the day that she was fifteen years old her father and mother went away from home for a short time, and she was left alone. While they were away she wandered about the palace, looking into all the rooms. At last she came to an old tower. She climbed up the narrow stairs to a door in which there was a rusty key. She turned the key and the door flew open. There sat an old woman with a spindle, spinning flax.

"Good morning," said the king's daughter. "Will you please tell me what you are doing?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, going on with her work.

"What is that with which you spin? It looks very queer. Will you let me take it?"

The old woman handed the spindle to her, but hardly had she taken it when she pricked her finger. She cried "Oh!" and fell over upon the bed, fast asleep. The old woman fell asleep in her chair. The king and queen, who had just arrived, fell asleep in the great hall, and all their courtiers with them. The horses went to sleep

in the stables, the dogs slept in the yard, and the pigeons slept on the roof. The fire, that was cooking the roast in the kitchen, slept, and the meat stopped sizzling. The cook slept, with a chicken half picked in her hands. And the wind, too, slept, so that not a leaf moved on the trees about the castle. But around the castle a hedge of thorns grew up. Each year it grew taller and closed in more and more upon the castle, until it was wholly hidden from view.

Many king's sons, on hearing the story of the beautiful sleeping maiden, tried to force their way through the briar thicket, but they were impaled upon the thorns and died struggling to set themselves free.

After a hundred years had passed, a king's son, who was traveling that way, saw the great thorn thicket and inquired of an old man what it meant. On hearing the story of the sleeping beauty, he said, "I will go through that hedge, and see the beautiful maiden."

The old man begged him not to try a thing so rash, and told him of the fate of many king's sons who had endeavored to force their way

through the briars; but his pleading was of no avail, and the king's son started for the castle.

When he reached the hedge the thorns became beautiful flowers, which opened a path to him as he approached, and closed behind him as he passed.

In the yard he found sleeping dogs and sleeping poultry, and upon the roof there were pigeons sleeping with their heads tucked under their wings, and in the stables were sleeping horses.

The prince went into the house. How quiet it was! In the great hall the king and queen and all their train of courtiers slept on, undisturbed by the footsteps of the stranger. But where was the princess whom people now called Briar Rose?

After the prince had gone through all the rooms in search for her, he found the door which led into the tower. He opened it and ascended the stairs. There, in the little room at the head of the stairs, he found the beautiful princess sleeping. He stooped and kissed her, when lo, she opened her eyes and looked up into his face.

"Have I been sleeping?" she asked. "Did you waken me? Let us go to my father and mother."

The prince took her hand and led her down the stairs into the big hall where the king and queen and courtiers were just waking. When the king saw his daughter and the prince approaching, he asked, "Where have you been, my daughter; and who is this stranger who accompanies you?"

Briar Rose replied, "This is the prince, who wakened me from a long sleep."

The king and the queen welcomed the young prince, and they all passed out into the court. Here the dogs were waking and stretching themselves; the horses in the stables were shaking themselves from their long sleep; the poultry were beginning to search for food; and from the roof came the soft "Coo! Coo!" of the pigeons as they plumed themselves for flight. In the kitchen the fire was beginning to burn, the roast sending forth a faint savor, and the cook was picking the chicken. Life was beginning anew.

Not long after this, the marriage of the king's son and Briar Rose was celebrated in great splendor, and they were happy all their lives.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

THERE was once a wealthy merchant who had a very beautiful daughter. She was as sweet-tempered and good as she was beautiful; and, because she was so greatly loved, she was called Beauty by everyone who knew her.

Her mother had died not long before this story begins, leaving her and her father to comfort each other in their loneliness. Beauty spent her time pleasantly and well, for her mother had taught her to sew, to read good books, to make the home beautiful, and to care for people who needed her help. She was also an excellent musician.

One day her father received word that one of his ships had come into a distant port, and that

it was necessary for him to leave home at once to attend to the cargo. Beauty could not bear that her father should go away, and could not keep back the tears when he was about to leave.

"What shall I bring you, little daughter?" he asked.

"I want nothing but to have you back home again," she said.

"I shall surely bring you something," said her father; "quick, now,—what shall it be?"

"Some roses, father; bring me some roses, if you will," said Beauty; and her father mounted his horse and rode away.

When the father reached the port, he found that the whole shipload of goods had been stolen. He turned toward home, greatly disappointed; but the thought of the welcome awaiting him there cheered him on his journey.

On his way homeward he had to pass through a forest. Night was coming on when he entered it, but he hoped to get to the other side before dark. This he could have done had not a storm of snow and wind come on, causing him to lose his way. He heard wolves howling at no great

distance, and feared that he should never reach home.

All at once he saw a bright light, and, going toward it, he found his way out of the forest. The light came from a palace which was brilliantly illuminated. When he reached it he saw no one moving in the courtyard nor in the castle, nor did he hear the sound of any voice. His horse, from which he had dismounted, saw a stable door open, and, on going inside, found hay and oats in a manger. The merchant entered the palace. He walked into a large dining-hall, where he found a good fire in the fireplace, and a table set with supper for one person. The merchant was wet to the skin, so he drew near to the fire to dry his clothes, expecting every minute that someone would come into the room. He waited until eleven o'clock, but no one came. At last he sat down at the table and ate until he wished no more. Then he left the dining-hall and went through several large rooms, all elegantly furnished. There was a bed in the last one which he entered, and he decided to shut the door and lie down, as it was now past midnight.

It was very late when he wakened the next morning. He looked about and was surprised to find a new suit of clothes in the place of his own, which had been spoiled by the storm. "Surely this palace belongs to some good fairy," he said. "She has taken pity upon me and has provided all things which I needed." He dressed quickly and looked out of the window. There was no snow to be seen, and he was delighted to see a garden of beautiful flowers.

When he went into the dining-hall, he saw a table set with breakfast for one, and said aloud, "I thank you, kind fairy, for this morning meal which you have provided for me," hoping the fairy might hear.

After breakfast, the merchant went out to get his horse. As he passed under a rose bower he remembered that Beauty had asked him to bring her some roses, so he picked a beautiful branch on which there were many blossoms. Just as he did so he heard a loud roar behind him, and, turning, saw such a dreadful-looking beast that he nearly fainted.

"How dare you pick my roses!" roared the

Beast. "I opened my castle to you and saved your life, and for this you steal my flowers, for which I care more than for anything else in the world. I give you but a quarter of an hour to live, then you must die for your folly."

The merchant threw himself on his knees before the Beast, and begged him to forgive him. He said, "I had no thought of offending anyone. I picked these roses for my daughter, who asked me to bring her some."

"You have a daughter?" said the Beast. "I will pardon you if she will come of her own free will to die in your place. Say no more, only promise to return in three months, with or without her."

"I promise," said the poor merchant, for there was nothing else that he could do.

"Now go!" said the Beast, and turned away. The merchant took the branch of roses, mounted his horse, and rode sadly away from the castle.

When he reached home, Beauty came out, joyfully, to meet him; but when she greeted him, he wept. As he handed her the branch of roses he said, "Dear child, your father paid dearly for

these." Then he told her all that had happened at the palace.

Beauty did not weep, but her face was very pale as she said: "My dear father, you shall not die. Since the Beast is willing to take me, I shall go to him in your place. I shall have the joy of saving your life, and of proving my love for you."

"My Beauty," said her father. "Your loving heart fills me with gladness, but I cannot let you give your life for mine. I am old and have but a few years to live; your life is but just begun."

"Dear father, you shall not go back to the castle without me. If you will not take me, I shall follow you. I would rather be devoured by the terrible monster than to die from grief, which your death would cause me."

It was in vain that Beauty's father tried to persuade her to remain at home. Finally, he yielded and promised to take her with him.

When the time came for the merchant and Beauty to go to the palace, they left their home in great sorrow.

They reached the castle at nightfall, and

found it brilliantly lighted as before. The horse went to the stable, where it found hay and oats. The father and daughter entered the large dining-hall, where they found an excellent supper awaiting two people. They could not eat, so sad were they, although Beauty tried to cheer her father.

Just as they were leaving the table, they heard a great noise; and the merchant, weeping, said farewell to his poor child, for he knew it was the Beast.

Beauty trembled when she saw the dreadful monster coming into the room, but she tried not to let the Beast know that she was afraid. He asked her if she had come of her own free will, and she told him, with a quivering voice, that she had.

"You are very good," said the Beast, "and I thank you for coming." Then turning to the father, he said, "Good man, tomorrow morning you must leave, and I command you never to come here again." Then he left the room.

When he had gone, the merchant threw his

arms about his daughter and begged her to go home in the morning and leave him there.

"No, no," said Beauty. "You shall go and I shall stay. I may find pity and help. Do not grieve."

When they went to their rooms, they did not think that it would be possible to sleep; but no sooner were their heads on their pillows than their eyes closed and they slept soundly. Beauty dreamed that a fairy came to her and said, "I am pleased with your goodness, Beauty. Because you are giving your life to save that of your father, you shall be rewarded." Beauty told her father of her dream the next morning, and, although it comforted him somewhat, he wept bitterly when he bade his poor daughter farewell.

As soon as her father had gone, Beauty went back to the dining-hall and wept as if her dear heart would break. But she was a brave girl, and, drying her tears, she arose and walked through the beautiful rooms in the castle. Great was her surprise when she came to a door over which was written, "Beauty's Room." She opened the

door and exclaimed, "How lovely!" for she had never seen a room so tastefully and elegantly furnished. What most delighted her was a piano, a bookcase, and a beautiful sewing-table.

"The Beast does not wish me to be lonely," she said. "Surely if he expected to take my life tonight, he would not have made this thoughtful provision for my comfort and pleasure."

She opened the bookcase, and there saw a book on which was written in letters of gold, "Wish what you like, command what you will; you alone are queen and mistress of this castle."

"Oh," she sighed, "I wish for nothing but to see my dear father and to know what he is doing at this moment." Hardly had she said these words when she saw, in a large mirror, her home and her father, who was looking very sad. Then the picture disappeared. Beauty felt grateful to the Beast for granting her wish, and she began to lose her fear of him.

At noon she found the table set for her, and, while she ate, sweet music was played by some unseen hand.

In the evening, as she sat down to her supper,

Beauty heard the sound of the Beast's voice, and could not help trembling with fear.

"Beauty," he said, "may I look on while you eat your supper?"

"You are master in this palace," replied Beauty.

"No, no," said the beast; "you, and you only, are mistress here. But tell me truly, Beauty, do you think me very ugly?"

"I must tell the truth. Yes, I do think you ugly, but you are very kind," said Beauty. "When I think of your goodness, I forget your ugliness."

"Then, Beauty, will you be my wife?" said the Beast.

Beauty could hardly suppress a scream of fright, but she calmed herself, for she feared to anger the Beast. "I cannot marry you, Beast," she said. "I am sorry for you, and I think you are very good; but I cannot marry you."

The poor Beast drew a deep sigh which echoed through the whole castle and made Beauty tremble. Then he left the room, turning now and then to look at her. Beauty's kind heart

ached for him, and she said, "Poor Beast! Poor Beast! What a pity that one so good should be so ugly!"

Beauty had now spent three months in the castle. The Beast visited her every evening as she ate her supper, and every day she learned more of his goodness of heart. She became accustomed to his ugly form, and began to watch for his coming with feelings of pleasure. There was only one thing that troubled her about his visits; every evening before he left, he asked her to become his wife, and was always sad when she refused him.

One day she said to him: "It greatly troubles me to refuse, so often, to marry you. I wish that I might become your wife, but I am sure that I never can."

"What a hard fate," said the Beast. "I know I am a monster to look upon, but I love you dearly. Will you not at least promise never to leave me?"

Tears came into Beauty's eyes and she said: "Oh, Beast, my mirror tells me that my father is very ill, grieving for me; and I do so long to

see him that I can never be wholly happy here. Dear Beast, do let me go home to see my poor father."

"Do not weep," said the Beast; "I cannot bear to see you unhappy. You shall go home to your father, but I shall die of grief for you."

"No, no, dear Beast," said Beauty, weeping, "you shall not die. I care too much for you to let you die. If you will send me home, I promise to return at the end of a week."

"You shall find yourself at home tomorrow morning, but remember your promise, *remember your promise.* When you wish to return, put your ring on the table before going to bed. Goodby, Beauty, goodby," said the Beast, sighing deeply.

Beauty went sadly to bed, because she had caused the Beast such deep sorrow. When she awoke in the morning she found herself in her own room at home. She clapped her hands in joy, and, dressing quickly, went to find her father. His surprise was great. He could hardly believe that it was his dear daughter whose arms were around his neck.

Beauty told her father of all that had happened while she was at the palace, and, last of all, she told him of her promise to return at the end of a week. Her father could not bear the thought of losing his dear child again. So happy were they that Beauty could not think of leaving at the end of the week, so stayed a few days longer. She was not quite so happy now, for she thought constantly of her promise to the Beast, whom she began to miss very much.

On the tenth night she dreamed that she was in the garden of the castle and that she saw the Beast lying on the grass as if dead. Beauty awoke with a cry.

"How cruel I have been to the Beast," she said, "in return for all his kindness to me! It is not his fault that he is ugly. Why did I refuse to marry him! I shall go back to him. Poor Beast! Poor Beast!"

Beauty arose, placed her ring on the table, then lay down again. When she awoke the next morning she saw with joy that she was back in the Beast's palace. She dressed and went down to the dining-hall, hoping that the Beast would

come to see her at once, but he did not. Then she said, "He surely will come at supper-time." The day passed very slowly, for she longed to see the Beast. Supper-time came, but still he did not appear. Beauty was now thoroughly alarmed. She feared that the breaking of her promise had caused his death. She ran through the castle, calling to him, but there was no answer. Then she remembered her dream. She ran into the garden, to the spot where she had seen him in her dream. There was the poor Beast, stretched upon the ground, apparently dead. She threw herself down beside him, and, finding that his heart was still beating, she brought water and threw it into his face.

The Beast slowly opened his eyes. When he saw Beauty, he said, feebly, "You forgot your promise, and I am dying."

"No, no, dear Beast; you shall not die. You shall live to be my husband, for I love you devotedly. Dear, dear Beast, live for my sake."

As she said these words, the whole castle became bright with lights. She glanced at it a moment, then turned to the Beast. What could

this mean! The Beast had disappeared, and in his place stood a handsome young Prince.

"Where, oh, where is the dear Beast?" gasped Beauty.

"I am the Beast," said the Prince, "but no longer a Beast. You have freed me from that monstrous shape, dear Beauty; by your love you have set me free."

"What can you mean?" asked Beauty.

"I will tell you," said the Prince, taking her hand. "A wicked fairy made me take the form of a hideous Beast, and would not allow me to return to my own form, or show any signs of cleverness, until a beautiful maiden should promise to marry me. I owe you everything, my dear Beauty."

The Prince then led Beauty into the castle, where she found her dear father. The beautiful fairy of her dream had brought him there. She greeted Beauty, and said: "Dear child, you are receiving the reward of your goodness. You are soon to become a great queen. Always be the true, sweet, kind woman that you have been in the past." The good fairy then waved her

wand, and they were carried into the Prince's kingdom. His subjects, who loved him and had long been searching for him, greeted him with great joy.

The wedding of Beauty and the Prince was soon celebrated with great rejoicing, and a happy life followed.

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

Good old mother Fairie,
Sitting by your fire,
Have you any little folk
You would like to hire?

I want no chubby drudges
To milk, and churn, and spin,
Nor old and wrinkled Brownies,
With grisly beards, and thin:

But patient little people,
With hands of busy care,
And gentle speech, and loving hearts—
Say, have you such to spare?

I know a poor, pale body,
Who cannot sleep at night,
And I want the little people
To keep her chamber bright;

TO MOTHER FAIRIE

To chase away the shadows
That make her moan and weep,
To sing her loving lullabies,
And kiss her eyes asleep.

And when in dreams she reaches
For pleasures dead and gone,
To hold her wasted fingers,
And make the rings stay on.

They must be very cunning
To make the future shine
Like leaves, and flowers, and strawberries,
A-growing on one vine.

Good old mother Fairie,
Since my need you know,
Tell me, have you any folk
Wise enough to go?

—Alice Cary.